

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1873.

Vol. I. No. 36.

The Bloomfield Record.

Local Newspaper.

Only \$1.50 a Year in Advance.

Independent, Non Partisan, Incorruptible.

Devoted to
LOCAL AFFAIRS,
GENERAL NEWS,
CHOICE LITERATURE,
HOME CULTURE AND IMPROVEMENT.

"The Record"

is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed
in Bloomfield, and is unquestionably THE Paper of
THE PEOPLE.

Legitimate Advertisements

Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail
themselves of its columns will find it a first-class me-
dium, circulating as it does in the best families of
Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"

Job Printing Office

Is furnished with the

Newest and Latest Styles of Type,

MATERIAL AND PRESSES

We are prepared to do promptly and in the Neatest
Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, such as

BILL HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
PROGRAMMES,
HAND BILLS,
PAMPHLETS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Patronize the Home Office.

NEW YORK MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Full and Winter Arrangement, Taking Effect Sep. 17, 1873.

MONTCLAIR DIVISION.

GOING EAST.
Leave Pompton 6:41 A.M.; Arrive Montclair 7:34;
Bloomfield 7:40; Newark 7:47; New York 8:25.
Leave Pompton 7:37 A.M.; Arrive Montclair 8:30;
Bloomfield 8:36; Newark 8:43; New York 9:20.
Leave Montclair 8:44 A.M.; Arrive Bloomfield 9:30;
Newark 9:37; New York 10:15.
Leave Montclair 9:40 A.M.; Arrive Newark 10:27;
New York 11:05.
Leave Pompton 10:50 P.M.; Arrive Montclair 11:43;
Bloomfield 11:49; Newark 11:56; New York 12:30.
Leave New York 12:30 P.M.; Arrive Montclair 1:23;
Bloomfield 1:29; Newark 1:36; New York 2:00.
Leave New York 4:00 P.M.; Arrive Newark 4:30;
Bloomfield 4:36; Montclair 4:43; New York 5:15.
Leave New York 6:00 P.M.; Arrive Newark 6:30;
Bloomfield 6:36; Montclair 6:43; New York 7:15.
Leave New York 8:00 P.M.; Arrive Newark 8:30;
Bloomfield 8:36; Montclair 8:43; New York 9:15.
Leave New York 10:00 P.M.; Arrive Newark 10:30;
Bloomfield 10:36; Montclair 10:43; New York 11:15.
Leave New York 11:00 P.M.; Arrive Newark 11:30;
Bloomfield 11:36; Montclair 11:43; New York 12:15.
GOING WEST.
Leave New York 7:50 A.M.; Arrive Bloomfield 8:28;
Newark 8:35; Montclair 8:42; Pompton 9:10.
Leave New York 12:15 P.M.; Arrive Pompton 1:00;
Montclair 1:06; Bloomfield 1:13; Newark 1:20.
Leave New York 4:00 P.M.; Arrive Newark 4:30;
Bloomfield 4:36; Montclair 4:43; New York 5:15.
Leave New York 6:00 P.M.; Arrive Newark 6:30;
Bloomfield 6:36; Montclair 6:43; New York 7:15.
Leave New York 8:00 P.M.; Arrive Newark 8:30;
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Bloomfield 11:36; Montclair 11:43; New York 12:15.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Newark & Bloomfield Branch.

Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive	Leave	Arrive
N.Y.	N.Y.	N.Y.	N.Y.	N.Y.	N.Y.
6:30	7:30	6:30	7:30	6:30	7:30
7:30	8:30	7:30	8:30	7:30	8:30
8:30	9:30	8:30	9:30	8:30	9:30
9:30	10:30	9:30	10:30	9:30	10:30
10:30	11:30	10:30	11:30	10:30	11:30
11:30	12:30	11:30	12:30	11:30	12:30
12:30	1:30	12:30	1:30	12:30	1:30
1:30	2:30	1:30	2:30	1:30	2:30
2:30	3:30	2:30	3:30	2:30	3:30
3:30	4:30	3:30	4:30	3:30	4:30
4:30	5:30	4:30	5:30	4:30	5:30
5:30	6:30	5:30	6:30	5:30	6:30
6:30	7:30	6:30	7:30	6:30	7:30
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10:30	11:30	10:30	11:30	10:30	11:30
11:30	12:30	11:30	12:30	11:30	12:30

N.B. & M.H.C.R.R.

BLOOMFIELD TIME TABLE, FEB. 1, 1873.

LEAVE BLOOMFIELD, Belleville Avenue, every half
hour from 6:30 A.M. to 9 P.M., and at 10 and 11 P.M.
The last car from Depot at Mt. Pleasant Ave. to
Newark leaves at 10:30 P.M.

LEAVE NEWARK, Broad and Market Sts., every half
hour from 7:34 A.M. to 6:54 P.M., and at 7:54, 8:54 and
9:54 P.M.

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Office open from 6:15 to 9 P.M. to 9 P.M.

Mails for New York, Northern, Eastern and Western
close and arrive as follows:

TIME OF ARRIVAL.
7 A.M. and 3 P.M.
The mail connects at Newark with the Philadelphia,
Baltimore, Washington, and through Southern, both
morning and afternoon.

Foreign mails close at 3 P.M. on the day previous to the
sailing of steamer.

Stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers are sold to the
public.

HORACE DODD, P. M.

Professional and Business Cards.

D. C. S. STOCKTON.

DENTIST.

(Successor to Drs. Colburn)

No 15 Cedar street,
Newark, N. J.

J. B. PITT, M. D.

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Residence on Broad Street three doors above Presby-
terian Church.

Office hours 7 to 9 A. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

F. E. BAILEY, M. D.

RESIDENCE:

C. W. JOHNSON'S, FRANKLIN ST.

Office hours: 7 to 9 A. M. and 6 to 8 P. M.

JAMES HUGHES.

SURVEYOR:

OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR.

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office at his residence on Bloomfield Avenue,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOSEPH K. OAKES.

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

P. HURLBURT.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

SHOP ON ARTISAN STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Opposite the Railroad Depot.

STAIR BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all
kinds Neatly Done and Promptly Attended to.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES

TO BE HAD AT

DR. WASHINGTON'S DISPENSARY

Open on Sundays, 9 to 10 A. M., 12 to 1, and 5 to 6 P. M.

JOSEPH H. EVELAND.

PRACTICAL PAINTER,

ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

GRAINING, GILDING, Etc., Etc.

Corner Linden Avenue and Thomas Street,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

All orders promptly executed.

R. LEWIS.

Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, ex-
ecutes Repairs of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
Fancy Articles with neatness and dispatch.

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD.

SAMUEL CARL.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

CLOTHES, CONSTANTLY ON HAND

CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE

CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

BROAD STREET, BLOOMFIELD.

JAMES BERRY.

WASHINGTON AVE., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Gen-
eral TRUCKING and other TEAM WORK.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JAMES ALBINSON.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

MYRTLE STREET,

Near Watering Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JOHN JAGER.

MERCHANT TAILOR,

RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jan. 28-ly

SMITH E. PERRY.

REAL ESTATE AGENT AND AUCTIONEER.

BROAD STREET, ABOVE BENSON,

Bloomfield, New Jersey.

THEODORE CADMUS.

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

All kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.

Residence, Thomas Street, Shop, State Street, near
Liberty.

BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

R. D. BROWER.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT.

WATERING DEPOT,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Houses and Lots for Sale and Houses to Let.

Miscellany.

HARVEST.

The golden harvest gleams athwart the corn,
The crimson blush of eve is in the West;
The reaper homeward whistles from his toil,
And on the earth is stamped the seal of rest.

Low bends the bearded barley in the breeze,
White with the kisses of the harvest queen;
The oats quake tremulous, and on the air
The still, pure Autumn sky reflects its sheen.

The yellow plums hang mellow on the tree,
The tempting damsons gleam amid the leaves,
The rose-tinted peach clings nestling to the wall,
The jocund gleaners roam amid the sheaves.

Spirit of Harvest! wake our grateful hearts,
To raise glad anthems to His earnest praise,
Reaper of all—Him who alone can give
Sweet hopeful seed-time, golden harvest days!

WIT AND WISDOM.

A hint to talkers at table—save your
breath to blow your soup.

The man who tried to light his pipe with
a billiard match said he did it out of curi-
osity.

An old cynic says: "With some women,
going to church is little better than looking
into a bonnet shop."

Once when a very pretty girl said to Leigh
Hunt, "I am very sad, you see," he replied,
"Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish
sect; you are very fair, I see."

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked a
judge of a prisoner the other day. "And
sure, now," said Pat, "what are you put
there for but to find that out?"

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily
laden, and scarcely above water's edge, ex-
claimed, "Upon my soul, if the river was
but a little higher, the ship would go to the
bottom!"

The sharpest man, lately has been heard
from in Indiana. He subsists by driving
spikes in the timbers of a bridge and col-
lecting the wisps of hay that are caught by
them from passing loads.

"What's your business?" asked a judge
of a prisoner at the bar. "Well, I s'pose
you might call me a locksmith." "When
did you last work your trade?" "Last
night; when I heard a call for the perlice, I
made a bolt for the front door."

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize
with her in a feminine quarrel, but he re-
fused, saying, "I've lived long enough to
learn that one woman is just as good as an-
other, if not better." "And I," retorted the
exasperated wife, "have lived long
enough to know that a man is just as bad
as another, if not worse."

A newly-married couple found themselves
in a railway carriage with only one fellow-
passenger, who appeared to sleep profound-
ly. Soon the lady commenced to call her
young husband all the endearing names
that natural history can supply. The travel-
ler, roused up, begged the lady to call her
partner a "Noah's Ark" at once, and allow
him to sleep quietly.

The following came inscribed on a postal
card, and the card carefully inclosed in an
envelope was received by the Danbury
News. It is from Muir, Mich., and is un-
doubtedly from a man that means business:
"Mr. Danbury News I send you fifty (50)
cents please send me Danbury News as long
as you can for the money a fellow here says
it's funny and I like it I will write some
funny pieces for your paper if you will pay
me for it I can write some papers if you will
pay me for writing them I will write."

A farmer and his wife called at a Detroit
photograph gallery last week to order some
photographs of the latter, and while the
operator was getting ready the husband gave
the wife a little advice as to how she must
act: "Fasten your mind on something," he
said, "or else you will laugh and spile the
job. Think about early days—how your
father got in gaol, and your mother was
an old scold, and what you'd have been
if I hadn't pitied you! Jest fasten your
mind on to that!" She didn't have any pho-
tographs taken.

What kind of bread do star actors live
upon? Their great roles. What do vagrants
like? Common loaf. What do country
editors live upon? Puffs. What do commercial
travelers live upon? Stimulants. What do
lawyers live upon? Suet pudding. What do
gamblers live upon? Shakes. What is
the most satisfactory meal for any contractor?
Indian; isn't it? What sustains the Geo-
graphers? Crackers. What kind of drink do
children like? Tease. What kind do artiller-
ists like? Shells. What kind do sextons
like? Bier. What kind do milkmen like?
Water. What kind do doctors like? Old oil.
What kind do cotton-planters like? Gin.

Above the Moon.

One calm night, the darkness of which
was lighted by the moon, the inmates of a
quiet farm-house in Ayrshire were startled
by piteous cries from a little stream run-
ning past the foot of the barn on which the
homestead stood. Out ran the goodwife in
haste, thinking that the voice was not un-
familiar; and, when she got to the barn,
there she saw her ain gudeman, who had
just a little too much of John Barley-
corn, on all fours in a foot of water in which
the moon was brightly reflected. "Gude-
sake, John, ye gawk, what are ye doing
there, standing like an auld idiot in that
manner?" "Oh woman, Jenny, is that you?
I'm glad to see ye, for I have gotten above
the moon, and has been in this awful pre-
dicament for two hours, hounding on like
grim death for fear I should fa' and be kill-
ed by a roagin' fear. I ken it's a right
noo, when ye're here, see we'll just baith
gangdoun together. Jenny lost no time
in getting John out, and over a tumbler of
toddy he vowed that nothing should ever
make him soar so high again, even on mar-
ket nights.

(From the London Family Herald.)
BOUGHT WITH A PRICE.

CHAPTER I.

The clock over the parlor mantel-shelf
struck six sharp and clear. The fire blazed
up with a cheerful glow on brightly tinted
carpet and curtains, on old-fashioned hand-
some furniture, on the little tea table, laid
for one, with a big bowl of flowers in the
middle—rare delicate blossoms most of
them—and, pushed into a corner, a shabby
little bunch of monthly roses. A pretty,
bright, womanly room; books were scatter-
ed about and needlework. A piano stood
open opposite the window, with a canter-
bury overflowing with music by the side.
A tiny black dog, all ears and hair, lay on
the rug, and over all the firelight flashed
warmly.

"Miss Hugo is not in, sir. It's past her
time, though; would you like to wait, sir?"
asked the servant.

"Yes, I am leaving Waltham. Thank
you," Briton answered, as the woman show-
ed him into the fire-lit parlor.

She bustled away to get candles. The
visitor, hardly answering Rollo's joyous
greeting, leaned against the chimney-piece,
pushing back his thick brown hair with one
hand. The fire blazed and crackled, shin-
ing over the straight, dark figure, the
grave, manly face, the steadfast eyes.
"Tick, tick, tick," went the clock, steadily,
slowly, like the pulse of fate. The candles
were brought and put on the table, one
each side of the big round bowl of flowers.

"Chime, chime," rang the quarter from
the church tower across the road. Mr.
Briton started and went to the window, push-
ing back the thick crimson curtains. Very
still and quiet was it out of doors. The
roses over the garden gate hardly moved
one graceful branch in the night air. The
old church opposite, with its graveyard
round it, rose gray and beautiful in the
young moonlight.

Over the moor beyond the white road
wound away to Waltham. Slowly along
this road came two dark figures loitering in
the autumn night. Mr. Briton dropped the
curtain and came back to the fireside.

"Tick, tick, tick," went the clock; it seemed
to him as though the clock were saying,
"False, false, false," as the
boughs.

"Well, good-bye; I shall see you to-
morrow. How long it will seem!"

"Nonsense!" answered Miss Hugo's gay
full voice. "Don't talk to me like that!
Good-bye."

She waved her little hand playfully and
went swiftly up the little path. Her old
servant met her at the door.

"Mr. Briton is in there, Miss Mildred."

The young lady raised her straight, dark
brows in calm surprise. She threw her
shawl and hat off hastily, smoothing back
her curly hair with both hands, and went
softly into the little parlor.

"I hope Rollo has entertained you," she
said, with a bewitching smile; "this is an
unexpected pleasure, Mr. Briton."

"I am come to say good-bye, Miss Hugo,"
he answered, gravely.

"What a disagreeable word. You really
won't return after the holidays then?"

"That depends upon circumstances. I
have had an offer from Mrs. Harold. She
wishes me to travel with her son during the
next twelve months."

"And then?" she said, looking up at
him.

"I haven't decided. I have my fellow-
ship and I think I shall take orders."

"Poor fellow!"

"I don't know why you should pity me.
As a fellow of my college, I shall get a liv-
ing sometime, and I don't know a happier
life, if one ought to take that as a test."

"I hope you will be a bishop, Mr.
Briton."

"Oh, don't! I wouldn't be for the
world," said the young man, hastily; "I
am not at all ambitious."

"How we should quarrel!" she answer-
ed, smiling. "I would make you ambi-
tious, whether you liked it or not."

"Will you try?" he returned, coming a
step nearer across the rug.

"I am tired of teaching," was her an-
swer. "I won't have you for a pupil."

"I would be very good," he said, in a
low voice.

"No, you wouldn't; you know you
wouldn't. You are too fond of teaching to
learn."

"Listen to me, please," he urged.
"I won't listen. I know what you are
going to say, and it is better left unsaid.
Will you have a cup of tea? I will call
auntie down to propitiate the proprietress."

"I don't want any tea. I am not going
to be treated politely by you, Mildred."

"I am not going to treat you politely,"
she said, as she came back to the rug, laugh-
ing—"don't be frightened." She stood
opposite, still laughing, her beautiful face
dimpling and sparkling.

"Mildred," said Mr. Briton, "I will
speak."

"No, you won't. Go with Fred Harold
on to the Continent for twelve months, and
I will stay here, trying to make my pupils
understand what music means. When you

come back I will listen to you and shall be
able to answer."

"Now, Mildred—"

"No. And you mustn't call me Mildred,
sir. Do as I tell you, as an earnest of good
behavior in future."

"I may never come back—I may die
abroad."

"Requiescas in pace. You can't make
me serious, Mr. Briton. You will come
back wedded to some alarming Italian wo-
man."

"Very likely," he said, bitterly.

"Certainly it is; or I may marry some
red-haired German professor. I won't
answer for myself."